NUMB. CCCCLXXXIX.

The SPECTATOR.

——Βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ωκεανοῖο. Hom.

Saturday, September 20. 1712.

SIR,

UPON Reading your *Eſſay*, concerning the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I find, among the three Sources of thoſe Pleaſures which you have diſcovered, *Greatneſs* is one. This has ſuggeſted to me the Reaſon why, of all Objects that I have ever ſeen, there is none which affects my Imagination ſo much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot ſee the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Waters, even in a Calm, without a very pleaſing Aſtoniſhment; but when it is worked up in a Tempeſt, ſo that the Horiſon on every ſide is nothing but foaming Billows and floating Mountains, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agreeable Horrour that riſes from ſuch a Proſpect. A troubled Ocean, to a Man who ſails upon it, is, I think, the biggeſt Object that he can ſee in Motion, and conſequently gives his Imagination one of the higheſt Kinds of Pleaſure that can ariſe from Greatneſs. I muſt confeſs, it is impoſſible for me to ſurvey this World of fluid Matter, without thinking on the Hand that firſt poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally raiſes in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his Exiſtence, as much as a Metaphiſical Demonſtration. The Imagination prompts the Underſtanding, and by the Greatneſs of the ſenſible Object, produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumſcribed by Time nor Space.

'As I have made ſeveral Voyages upon the Sea 'I have often been toſſed in Storms, and on that 'occaſion have frequently reflected on the De'ſcriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember '*Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, be'cauſe the Poet has not amuſed himſelf with little 'Fancies upon the Occaſion, as Authors of an in'ferior Genius, whom he mentions, had done, 'but becauſe he has gathered together thoſe Cir'cumſtances which are the moſt apt to terrifie the 'Imagination, and which really happen in the raging 'of a Tempeſt. It is for the ſame Reaſon, that I pre'fer the following Deſcription of a Ship in a Storm, 'which the Pſalmiſt has made, before any other o'ther I have ever met with. *They that go down 'to the Sea in Ships, that do Buſineſs in great Wa'ters: Theſe ſee the Works of the Lord, and his Won'ders in the Deep. For he commandeth and raiſeth 'the ſtormy Wind, which liſteth up the Waters there'of. They mount up to the Heaven, they go down 'again to the Depths, their Soul is melted becauſe of 'trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a 'drunken Man, and are at their Wits end. Then 'they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he 'bringeth them out of their Diſtreſſes. He maketh 'the Storm a Calm, ſo that the Waves thereof are ſtill. 'Then they are glad, becauſe they be quiet; ſo he 'bringeth them unto their deſired Haven.*

'By the way, how much more comfortable, as 'well as rational, is this Syſtem of the Pſalmiſt, 'than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets,

'where

(Price Two-pence.)

'where one Deity is represented as raising a Storm, 'and another as laying it. Were we only to consider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what 'can be nobler than the Idea it gives us, of the Supreme Being thus raising a Tumult among the Elements, and recovering them out of their Confusion; thus troubling and becalming Nature?

'Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of 'Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often 'employ their Pencils upon Sea-Pieces: I could 'wish you would follow their Example. If this 'small Sketch may deserve a Place among your 'Works, I shall accompany it with a Divine Ode, 'made by a Gentleman upon the Conclusion of his 'Travels.

I.

HOW are Thy Servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by Thy Care,
Through burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy sweetned ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region please;
The hoary Alpine *Hills it warm'd,*
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene *Seas:*

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy set me free,
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on Thee;

VII.

For tho' in dreadful Whirles we hung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to Hear,
Nor Impotent to Save:

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy Will;
The Sea, that roar'd at Thy Command,
At Thy Command was still.

IX.

In midst of Dangers, Fears, and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for Thy Mercies past;
And humbly hope for more:

X.

My Life, if Thou preserv'st my Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be;
And Death, if Death must be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to Thee.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author of the Spectator *having received the Pastoral Hymn in his 441st Paper, set to Musick by one of the most Eminent Composers of our own Country, and by a Foreigner, who has not put his Name to his ingenious Letter, thinks himself obliged to return his Thanks to those Gentlemen for the Honour they have done him.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this present Saturday being the 20th Instant, will be presented a Comedy call'd The Careless Husband: Lord Foppington by Mr. Cibber, Lord Morelove Mr. Mills Sir Cha. Easie Mr. Wilks. Lady Betty Modish Mrs. Oldfield, Lady Easie Mrs. Knight, Lady Grave-Airs Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Egli Mrs. Bicknell. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

Just Published,

A New Translation of Corn. Nepos; to which is added, The Lives of the Kings, with their Chronology, omitted in the old Translation; also, The Life of Nepos new written. Non pluribus impar. Printed for B. Linnott, and sold by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Taylor in Pater-noster-row, Mr. Knapton, Mr. Wyat, Mr. Knaplock, Mr. Midwinter, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Clements, and Mr. Bowyer, in St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. Horne and Mr. Strahan, by the Exchange; Mr. Osbourn in Lombard-street; Mr. Cliff in Cheapside, and by Mr. Brown and Mr. Sanger by Temple-Bar: Of whom you may have Mr. Gardiner on the Beatitudes, Madam Dacier's Homer, 5 Vol. Dr. Bently's Horace translated, the Earl of Lauderdale's Virgil, Dr. Tilly's Sermons, and all the Letters, Poems and Comedies Written by the late ingenious Mr. Farquhar.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane*; where Advertisements are taken in, as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.